

Good Morning 483

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



No. 86 Sends News for Sig. Victor Williams

WHEN our reporter called at 86, Friendly Street, Deptford, your mother was out, Sig. Victor Allen Williams, but June said she wouldn't be long, so we thought it would be well worth waiting to get a picture for you.

He also got some family gossip to pass on.

Mum has had news of Bungy (Horace) — he has volunteered for the Commandos and is with the Central Mediterranean Forces. As you know, this was always his ambition, so he is now feeling on top of the world.

Uncle is O.K. now, his gout is much better. Bill is now out of hospital and has completely recovered.

Len, as you know, is in France and, touch wood, is O.K. June is just as good a sport as ever, and was polishing the door knocker for Mum as our reporter arrived.

The Palais is still there and the girls are eagerly waiting for your return to show them some new steps.

Mum says she has bought a new lead for the new dog, but everyone wants a new model!

Mum and June still await news of Mrs. Eyles, and think she has probably evacuated.

They expect to go and see "The Lilac Domino," at His Majesty's, in the Haymarket, next week, as the West End shows are reopening.

If you are home for Christmas, extra big eats and drinks will be provided, and June threatens to make you a special cake, so see you bring home plenty of dried fruit!

Best wishes from all at Catford. And at No. 86 they say, God bless you and keep you safe.



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

LET'S STEAM ALONG THE SEA LANES

—to Prosperity

AIR transport will go a long way to solve the problem of travel, but it will not go far enough. Until the incredible era of the 10,000-ton air-liner arrives, this island, dependent on export trade for solvency, must perforce rely on sea-transport in the main, for the manufactures we intend to disperse throughout the world will most certainly be heavy products, and many of them cannot be loaded into aircraft, unless such transport assumes fantastic proportions.

It is to be hoped that all Britons with Britain's future at heart, who are in any way associated with shipping, will give the gravest consideration to the problem.

THE British Merchant Navy to-day is attenuated to an almost alarming degree. Enemy action, plus natural wear and tear of over-driven tonnage, accounts for this.

Immediately hostilities cease every ton available will be required to rehabilitate the world: to carry vast armies of war-weary men to and fro; to send fresh reliefs to the jaded, to return the countless monster weapons of war to the melting-down plants, where they can be recast into the tools of peace.

There will be very few ships available for the purposes of ordinary commerce, even if our manufacturers of world-needed commodities switch rapidly from the arts of destruction to those of construction.

To-day, driven by emergency, outworn vessels can be driven relentlessly. Inspired by the need for exertion, crews work hard, irrespective of Union hours. The Merchant Navy is slap in the firing-line, liable to attack at any moment; and men do not take their ease under such circumstances.

But, with peace, the need for such superhuman toil will vanish; and the profits of owners will not supply the same driving power as national emergency.

Consequently, a very large percentage of shipping will need to be withdrawn from sea-service, the repair yards will be congested, tired men will be available to do the work of fresh, vigorous men. The yards will be glutted, the seas deserted.

Now, then, is the time for far-sighted owners to exert every effort to replenish the depleted stocks of ships. No nation has suffered losses to tonnage in any way approximating our losses: for we have supplied sea-transport for most nations during the critical years—especially when we stood alone.

Competition threatens to be keener than ever it was in the whole history of seafaring. Quite a lot of such competition will be healthy and fair; a lot more will be sinister. Fair competition we need not fear—if ships are forthcoming—but that offered by certain nations will require some subtlety to counteract and beat.

State subsidies will undoubtedly be provided by the governments of certain ambitious countries. It is doubtful if our shipowners would ask for such subsidies, or that our Government would provide them if asked.

**Air Transport?
No, the future
of England
lies on the
Sea, says
CAPT. FRANK
H. SHAW**

edly be provided by the governments of certain ambitious countries. It is doubtful if our shipowners would ask for such subsidies, or that our Government would provide them if asked.

In any case, British merchant shipping has flourished when privately controlled, during quite a number of centuries; and, given fair chance, there is no reason why it should not continue to flourish for several centuries more.

But only by the provision of adequate tonnage can the problem of the future be solved. Millions of tons of exportable goods might rot on the quays before ships are available for carrying them to all the far corners of the earth. These goods are the Empire's life-blood, vitally needed to rebuild our depreciated credit.

We are authoritatively informed that our world credit has, practically ceased to exist, owing to the realisation of our monetary assets abroad, and to the cessation of exports during the five-year stretch of war. Thousands of millions of pounds have been expended in the unproductive materials of war.

The only possible way of restoring those thriftless millions is by carrying things to the countries affected: things constructed by British labour, which, when all is said and done, is our greatest asset.

Envisage the situation the moment the bugles sound Armistice. Every country, industrialised through war's exigencies, will start feverish recon-



struction. There will be Britain supply the world's most improvisations, but such improvisations cannot permanently solve the major problems. Argentina has not been wasting her time: her own ship-building programme is proceeding apace. Untroubled by war, unserved by other countries, as she has been to a great extent of late, she has had to become self-supporting: though, prior to 1939, many of her commodities were sea-borne exclusively in British tonnage.

Every member of the British Commonwealth is aspiring to become a sea power, from Canada to Australia; even little Newfoundland contemplates a merchant fleet to handle her own products. But Britain must hold her own in this future competition. Her special exports demand heavy tonnage for, considering labour costs, etc., she can compete in most markets favourably, if only her goods can be got to the place of sale. Air-transport promises to be prohibitively costly for weighty trade; only the more economical sea can carry it remuneratively.

Once an adequate amount of landing-craft and escort warships has been launched, the shipowners of Britain should contract with the builders to establish a new Merchant Navy, beside which anything we have owned in the past becomes insignificant. Ships, good service, and forgets the past. If other countries than should be our pre-peace slogan.

America is putting a fabulous amount of merchant tonnage into the water: she has the means of trebling her surviving ships in a remarkably short space of time, thanks to prefabrication and the possession of practically unlimited raw material. Her prestige promises to remain so high that it will serve as an Open Sesame to the markets of the whole world.

If she wishes to retain for herself the bulk of the shipping left to her at the end of the war, she can establish a practical monopoly for a considerable period. The world's memory is short: it appreciates immediate good service, and forgets the past. If other countries than should be our pre-peace slogan.

Goodnight Picture for P.O. W. J. Hill

YOUR baby, Kristine, now weighs 13½ lbs., P.O. W. J. Hill. She is a lovely, bonny girl, and James and Richard were taking it in turns to nurse her when I called at No. 28.

The two boys have now returned to school, but all they wanted to talk to me about was horse riding, tents and shooting rabbits. They're just longing for daddy to come back home so that they can go camping and shooting. It seems as though you have been bringing them up as two tough guys.

Mummy could not get a word in. The boys were all "Dad does this," "Dad can do that." It was all "Dad, Dad."

The two boys were in their pyjamas, little Kristine in her nightie. They looked a lovely trio, so I took a picture of them with Mummy.

She said, "He's the best husband in the world. Please send him heaps of love and kisses from us all."

Three Against Death

"WELL, Mr. Quatermain," said Sir Henry, "have you made up my mind to go I set been thinking about my proposals?"

"Ay," echoed Captain Good. "I hope you are going to give us the pleasure of your company as far as Solomon's Mines."

I rose and knocked out my pipe before I answered.

"Yes, gentlemen," I said, "I will go, and by your leave I will tell you why and on what terms, First for the terms which I ask—

"1. You are to pay all expenses, and any ivory or other valuables we may get is to be divided between Captain Good and myself."

"2. That you pay me £500 for my services on the trip before we start, I undertaking to serve you faithfully till you choose to abandon the enterprise, or till we succeed, or disaster overtakes us."

"3. That before we start you execute a deed agreeing, in the event of my death or disablement, to pay my boy Harry, who is studying medicine over there in London, at Guy's Hospital, a sum of £200 a year for five years, by which time he ought to be able to earn a living for himself. That is all, I think, and I daresay you will say quite enough too."

"No," answered Sir Henry, "I accept them gladly. I am bent upon this project, and would pay more than that for your help."

"Very well. And now as to the journey itself, I tell you flatly, Sir Henry and Captain Good, that I do not think it probable that we can come out of it alive, that is, if we attempt to cross the Suliman Mountains."

I paused to watch the effect of my words. Captain Good looked a little uncomfortable, but Sir Henry's face did not change. "We must take our chance," he said.

"And now I vote we go down to the saloon and take an observation, just for luck, you know." And we did—through the bottom of a tumbler.

Next day we went ashore, and I put Sir Henry and Captain Good up at the little shanty I have on the Berea, and which I call my home.

"Three heavy breech-loading double-8 elephant guns, weighing about fifteen pounds each, with a charge of eleven drachms of black powder."

"Three double-500 Expresses, constructed to carry a charge of six drachms," sweet weapons, and admirable for medium-sized game, or for men, especially in an open country and with the semi-hollow bullet."

"One double No. 12 central-fire Keeper's shot-gun, full choke both barrels." This gun proved of the greatest service to us afterwards in shooting game for the pot.

"Three Winchester repeating rifles (not carbines), spare guns."

"Three single-action Colt's revolvers, with the heavier pattern of cartridge."

This was our total armament, and the reader will doubtless observe that the weapons of each class were of the same make and calibre, so that the cartridges were interchangeable, a very important point.

Now as to the men who were to go with us. After much consultation we decided that their number should be limited to five, namely, gum polished with fat and worked a driver, a leader, and three in with the hair, usually assumed by Zulus on attaining a certain age or dignity.

The driver and leader I got without much difficulty, two Zulus, named respectively Goza and Tom; but the servants were a more difficult matter. At last I secured two, one a Hottentot called Ventvogel (wind-bird), and one a little Zulu named Khiva, who had the merit of speaking English perfectly.

Having got these two men I looked in vain for a third to suit my purpose, so we determined to start without one, trusting to luck to find a suitable man on our way up country. But on the evening before the day we had fixed for our departure the Zulu Khiva informed me that a man was waiting to see me. I told him to bring him in. Presently a very tall, handsome-looking man, somewhere about thirty years of age, and very light-coloured for a Zulu, entered, and, lifting his knob-stick by way of salute, squatted himself down in the corner on his haunches, and sat silent. I did not take any notice of him for a while, for it is a great mistake to do so. I observed, however, that he wore on his head the black ring, made of a species of



"My name is Umbopa. I have wandered for many years. I came from the North as a boy."

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"Well," I said at last, "what is your name?"

"Umbopa," answered the man in a slow, deep voice.

"What is it you want?"

"It is this, 'Macumazahn' (that is my Kafir name, and means the man who gets up in the middle of the night). I hear that you go

JANE



KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By the courtesy of the executors of RIDER HAGGARD

on a great expedition far into the dark, except here and there where North with the white chiefs from deep black scars marked old over the water. Is it a true word?" assegai wounds. Sir Henry walked up to him and looked into his "It is."

"I hear that you go even to the Lukanga River, a moon's journey beyond the Manica country. Is this so also, 'Macumazahn?'" said Sir Henry in English.

"Why do you ask whither we go? What is it to you?" I answered suspiciously.

"It is this, O white men, that if indeed you travel so far I would travel with you."

Umbopa evidently understood him, for he answered in Zulu, "It is well"; and then with a glance at the white man's great stature and breadth, "we are men, thou and I."

(To be continued)

Umbopa Speaks

"You forget yourself," I said. "Your words come out unawares. That is not the way to speak. What is your name, and where is your kraal? Tell us, that we may know with whom we have to deal."

"My name is Umbopa. I am of the Zulu people, yet not of them. The house of my tribe is in the far North. I have no kraal. I have wandered for many years. I came from the North as a child to Zululand. Now I am tired, and would go North again. Here is not my place. I want no money, but I am a brave man, and am worth my place and meat. I have spoken."

I was rather puzzled at this man and his way of speech. I translated his words to Sir Henry and Good, and asked them their opinion. Sir Henry told me to ask him to stand up. Umbopa did so, at the same time slipping off the long military great coat he wore, and revealing himself naked except for the moocha round his centre and a necklace of lions' claws. Standing about six foot three high he was broad in proportion, and very shapely. In that light, too, his skin looked scarcely more than

WANGLING WORDS

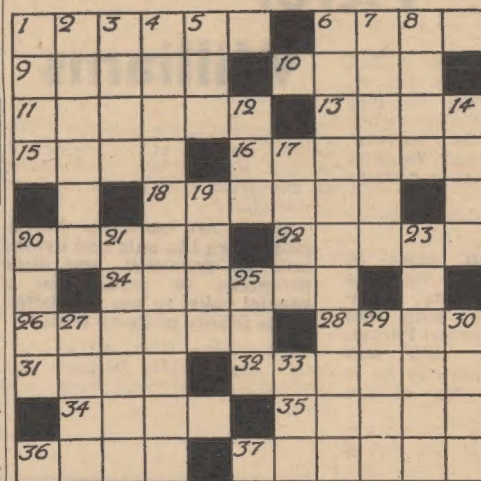
—422

- Put liable in CURE, and do it to the enemy.
- The following towns have got jumbled with the rivers they stand on, some of their letters doing double duty. Can you disentangle them?—Aberdeon, Wichenster, Louewes. (Rivers as well, please!)
- In the following five English poets the same number stands for the same letter throughout. Who are they?—27W859, 23M8B566, 8785, 394761, 634179.
- Find the two fresh-water fish hidden in: Parade with kit, route-marching; rifle, bayonet, sabre—am I going nuts?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 421

- ScotCH.
- SHEFFIELD, COVENTRY. STAFFORD.
- Shoulder, Lung, Leg, Shin, Chin.
- Jump-Er, Car-dig-an.

CROSSWORD CORNER

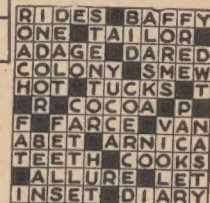


CLUES ACROSS.

- Jerky.
- Headland.
- Empire coin.
- Small bay.
- Issue.
- Single prefix.
- Habit.
- Securing with cordage.
- Pictured.
- Bird.
- Result.
- Handsome women.
- Slopes.
- Affirm.
- Large number.
- Case in nouns.
- Small compartment.
- Cavities.
- Orderly.
- Dam.

CLUES DOWN.

- Ship's company.
- Mood.
- Exposed.
- Relevantly.
- Mark cribbage score.
- That which counter-balances.
- Shuns.
- He named one of the U.S.A. (for 'famous Quaker').
- Space of time.
- Giant.
- Curved moulding.
- Disolve.
- Money.
- Lowered.
- Rough.
- Money.
- Mathematical curves.
- Base.
- Remainder.
- Triumphant cry.



QUIZ for today

- A metec is an instrument for beating time to music, solid fuel, immigrant, watch-spring.
- What is the correct name for a group of (a) hares, (b) horses?
- For what girls' names are the following "short"? (a) Nora, (b) Nina, Bab.
- Name the pipes on a bagpipe.
- On what tree does a haw grow?
- Which of the following are mis-spelt? Miasma, Meniscus, Meridien, Mensurable, Mendecant.

Answers to Quiz in No. 482

- Stone wedge.
- (a) Shrewdness, (b) Sleuth.
- (a) George, (b) Alexander, (c) Jacob.
- Hip.
- Five.
- Quotient, Quorum, Quiver.

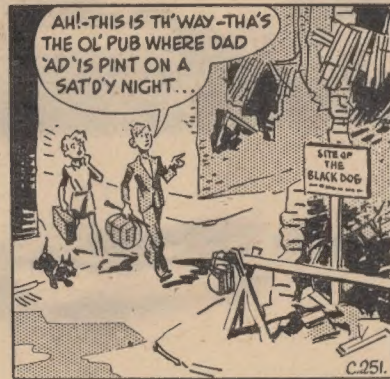
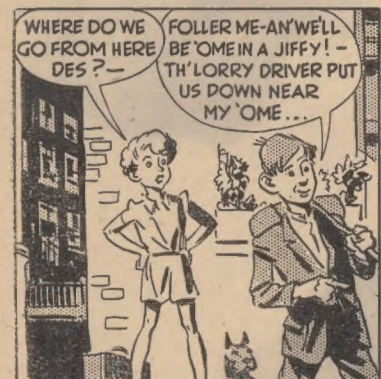
Odd-But True

The most Scottish of musical instruments, the bagpipes, did not originate in Scotland at all. They were introduced there by the Romans, who copied them from the Greeks, who copied them from the Egyptians.

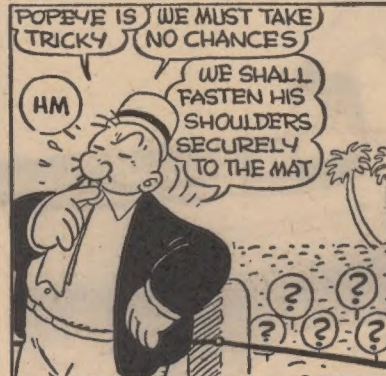
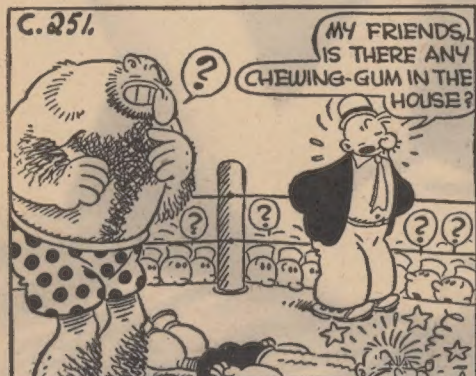
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BELINDA



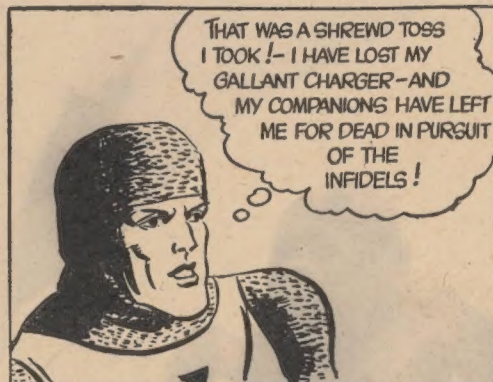
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



This Padre Passed the Ammunition

THE padre who said "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition" has become famous through a song in the present war, and his work at Pearl Harbour will never be forgotten.

But very few people know that it was a clergyman who invented ammunition in the first place. Perhaps there is some excuse, for the inventor of this revolutionary method of loading a gun does not even get five lines in some of the leading reference books! Yet if his invention had been appreciated earlier, British soldiers might have fought the Napoleonic Wars with breech-loading rifles instead of muzzle-loading muskets, and the course of history have been changed!

The Rev. Alexander John Forsyth, Minister of Belhelvie, in Aberdeenshire, looked after his flock with devotion. But he was also a keen sportsman, and, like not a few clergy in the 18th century, took an intelligent interest in the sciences. Forsyth sometimes went out shooting duck--no easy business with the muzzle-loading flint-lock fowling pieces of 1800. He noticed that again and again he missed because the flash of the flint-lock gave the birds just enough warning to enable them to move. He decided to investigate the possibilities of alternative methods of igniting the powder behind the charge in the barrel.

He read eagerly all he could get about experiments carried on by others. The first chemical that exploded when struck had been made not many years before, and, of course, the possibility of applying this detonator to muskets had been considered by many. The French had been particularly active, but after a number of fatalities they gave up their experiments.

The Rev. Alexander Forsyth pursued his experiments in a shed in his garden in hours when his duties as minister were finished. He had a sound knowledge of mechanics and chemistry. And at last he produced a fowling piece that required no external flame to ignite the powder. The military importance of the invention was obvious. Quite apart from the fact that it opened the way to breech-loading and ammunition, it made firing much more certain, and eliminated the curse of firearms in those days--damp.

Forsyth showed his invention to friends, and was persuaded to go to London where he could meet those with influence. The Master of the Ordnance, Lord Moira, invited him to carry on his experiments in the Tower of London, and there he laboured at considerable expense to himself. No one helped him, because, like so many pioneers, he was considered a little mad. Moreover, the Government was niggardly with labour and materials.

Nevertheless Forsyth produced a practical percussion musket eight years before the Battle of Waterloo was fought. This was a moment when firearms might suddenly have made great strides forward. It needed only the combination of rifling, already known in America, and Forsyth's percussion to produce a weapon that was fifty years ahead of that used by any other European army.

Instead, there was a step forward. There was a change in the Ordnance Department, and Lord Moira's successor decided to have no nonsense with this clergyman who thought he knew something about firearms. Insult was added to injury when Forsyth, who had returned to Scotland, received a letter asking him to arrange to "remove all his rubbish from the Tower of London."

Forsyth was a disappointed man. He continued to advocate the obvious fact that the flint-lock was doomed, and sportsmen began to use percussion weapons. But Forsyth had to wait 32 years to see the first British regiment equipped with his new weapon! The first regiment so equipped was the Rifle Brigade, and the first occasion on which the new weapons were used in battle was in 1841 at the Battle of Amoy, by the Border Regiment.

Two years later the Government of the day decided to make some amends to the clergyman, now 76 years old. They decided to award him a pension. It was a small sum, but it was a recognition. It came too late. Forsyth was dead before the first sum was paid. The rifle made rapid progress, increasing in range and deadliness until the present type of military rifle emerged at the beginning of the century. The man whose invention had revolutionised every type of firearm, from the smallest pistol to the largest naval gun, was forgotten until 1930.

Then the decision was made to pay the inventor, who had been dead for nearly ninety years, a unique tribute. He became the first individual to have a memorial to him erected in the Tower of London. The tablet commemorating his work there was flanked by the Union Jack and the Scottish Standard, and unveiled with some ceremony by the Secretary of State for Scotland.

What might have happened if Britain had taken Forsyth's invention seriously earlier is anyone's guess. Fortunately, Forsyth was not only a good mechanic, but also a patriot. Napoleon made him an offer--said to be £20,000--for the secret of his invention. The Scots minister refused it.

Good
Morning

This England

It was the oldest inhabitant himself who told us that Noss Mayo had not seen a new building going up in the last fifty years. Life, too, drifts along on an even keel in this South Devon village.



Edna Wood poses for the "Portrait of a Young Lady whose Dress is Caught in a Swing Door." She's in "Sweeter and Lower" — and she's certainly never looked sweeter.



"Mother, may I go in to swim? Yes, my darling daughter"—but whether her mother accompanied her permission with the customary warning seems doubtful on this occasion!



"Say! Whoz-zat said something about Beauty and the Beast?"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I did, big boy. Now whatcher going to do about it?"

